The very bottome and the ſoule of hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.
Dow. Fayth, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reverſion,
We may boldly ſpend upon the hope of what's to come in,
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A randevous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Divell and miſchance looke big
Upon the maydenhead of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your father had beene heere,
The quality and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diviſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbiterment,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in upon us:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine;
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too farre,
I rather of his abſence make this uſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt think,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.
Dow. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this dreame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot. My couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, I
The Earle of *Weſtmoreland*, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherward with Prince *Iohn*.
Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further, I have learned,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too; Where is his Sonn
The nimble-footed mad-cap, *Prince* of *Wales*,
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht? all in Armes?
All plumpe like *Eſtriges*, that with the winde
Bayted like *Eagles*, having lately bath'd
Glittring in golden Coates like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the moneth of May.
And gorgious as the Sunne at Midſummer;
Wanton as youthfull *Goates*, wild as young *Buls*:
I ſaw young *Harry*, with his Bever on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turne and winde a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble Horſe-manſhip
Hot. No more, no more, worſe then the Sunne in
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of ſmoky warre,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Up to the eares in bloud. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh:
And yet not ours Come; let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the *Prince Wales*: